

ON HEAVEN  
AND OTHER POEMS

FORD MADOX  
HUEFFER



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ON HEAVEN  
AND POEMS WRITTEN ON ACTIVE  
SERVICE

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

THE GOOD SOLDIER: A Novel

With VIOLET HUNT

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS. A London  
Entertainment

THE BODLEY HEAD

ON HEAVEN  
AND POEMS WRITTEN  
ON ACTIVE SERVICE BY  
FORD MADOX HUEFFER

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## PREFACE

WITH the exception of "On Heaven" and four others, all these poems were written on active service. "On Heaven" was written, as far as I can remember, during the early months of 1914. . . .

I have always written provocative prefaces to my publications, which have been many enough, God knows! Now, for the first time in a literary life that has lasted exactly a quarter of a century, I desire to be deprecatory. "On Heaven," I mean, is not a poem that I should publish of my own volition. It expresses what, quaintly enough, is my belief of what Heaven will be like—or rather of what Heaven is. If it is a

## PREFACE

materialist's Heaven I can't help it. I suppose I am a materialist. . . . But that is not what I set out to say.

I wrote this particular poem with a great deal of enthusiasm. When it was published in an American magazine called *Poetry*, I disliked it very much. It appeared to me to be what I should now call "too sloppy." How I should then have phrased my objection I can't now recall, but, though I should have used more words, probably, the purport would have been the same. So I determined to suppress the poem. But, to some extent, the wishes of certain readers of *Poetry*, and, to a larger extent, the conviction—or it might be more modest to say, the hope!—that it will bring comfort to the hearts of some of my comrades and some of the womenfolk of my comrades, have

## PREFACE

made me resuscitate the poem. That is not a literary reason and I ask pardon of the literary.

But I think that, in these sad days and years, we have got to believe in a Heaven—and we shall be all the happier if it is a materialist's Heaven. I know at least that I would not keep on going if I did not feel that Heaven will be something like Rumpelmayer's tea shop, with the nice boys in khaki, with the haze and glimmer of the bright buttons, and the nice girls in the fashions appropriate to the day, and the little orchestra playing, "Let the Great Big World. . ." For our dead wanted so badly their leave in a Blighty, which would have been like that—they wanted it so badly that they *must* have it. And they must have just that. For haven't we Infantry all seen that sort of

## PREFACE

shimmer and shine and heard the rustling and the music through all the turmoil and the mire and the horror? . . . And dying so, those images assuredly are the last things that our eyes shall see: that imagination is stronger than death. For we *must* have some such Heaven to make up for the deep mud and the bitter weather and the long lasting fears and the cruel hunger for light, for graciousness and for grace! . . .

And, for myself, I desire a little to be remembered as a living man—so that I have taken the liberty of dating those poems that I have written whilst on active service. That adds to the local interest of the verses. It is a non-literary device such as I have always condemned—but I allow myself the pleasure since I am no longer a writer and have no longer any place in the world of

## PREFACE

letters. The undated poems were all written between August 4, 1914 and August 20, 1915.

The greater part of the book is, I notice on putting it together, in either *vers libre* or rhymed *vers libre*. I am not going to apologise for this or to defend *vers libre* as such. It is because I simply can't help it. *Vers libre* is the only medium in which I can convey any more intimate moods. *Vers libre* is a very jolly medium in which to write and to read, if it be read conversationally and quietly. And anyhow, symmetrical or rhymed verse is for me a cramped and difficult medium—or an easy and uninteresting one. But I certainly don't put the things forward with any jaunty air or fling them in the faces of critics. I am too sad and too tired to care about pulling the leg of the critic of the —. It is still hypocrisy to seek

## PREFACE

for the person of the sacred Emperor in a low  
tea shop.

F. M. H.

*P.S.*—I have added as an appendix some  
verses written in moments of leisure in the  
O.R. of No. 1 Garrison Coy., Welch Regt.  
These were poems written to *bouts rhimés* supplied  
to me by my friend and old O.C. Coy. H. C.  
James. When in a minute or two I had filled  
in the lines in English, in a few seconds he would  
supply the Latin version. Of course they are  
rough products: they were written whilst  
attending to the needs of 890 returned Expedi-  
tionary Force men, and we were subject to the  
shocked incursions of C.S.M. Stephens, now  
R.S.M., and of Corporal Stanley of the R.M.P.  
. . . Not to mention the Adjutant! . . .

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. ANTWERP . . . . .	17
II. "WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN BUILDING" . . . . .	27
III. "WHEN THE WORLD CRUMBLED" . . . . .	28
IV. "WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW" . . . . .	29
V. THE SILVER MUSIC . . . . .	33
VI. THE IRON MUSIC . . . . .	35
VII. "A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE" . . . . .	37
VIII. THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS . . . . .	38
IX. ALBADE . . . . .	40
X. CLAIR DE LUNE . . . . .	42
XI. ONE DAY'S LIST . . . . .	46
XII. ONE LAST PRAYER . . . . .	53
XIII. REGIMENTAL RECORDS— I . . . . .	55
"      "      " II . . . . .	56
"      "      " III . . . . .	57

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
XIV. FOOTSLOGGERS . . . . .	58
XV. "THAT EXPLOIT OF YOURS . . ." . . .	77
XVI. ON HEAVEN . . . . .	79
XVII. APPENDIX : DIVERSIONS OF AN O/R . . . .	III

Of these "Antwerp" was first published by the "Poetry Bookshop," "What the Orderly Dog Saw," and "On Heaven" by *Poetry* of Chicago, "The Old Houses of Flanders" in *Blast*, and "Iron Music" by the *Westminster Gazette*. The others, as far as I know, have not yet seen the light.

F. M. H.

TO  
LT.-COL. G. R. POWELL  
SOMETIMES COMMANDING  
A BATTALION OF THE WELCH  
REGIMENT  
THIS  
WITH AFFECTION



ON HEAVEN  
AND POEMS WRITTEN ON ACTIVE  
SERVICE



I

ANTWERP

I

GLOOM !

An October like November ;  
August a hundred thousand hours,  
And all September,  
A hundred thousand, dragging sunlit days,  
And half October like a thousand years . . .  
And doom !

That then was Antwerp. . . .

In the name of God,

How could they do it ?  
Those souls that usually dived

## ANTWERP

Into the dirty caverns of mines ;  
Who usually hived  
In whitened hovels ; under ragged poplars ;  
Who dragged muddy shovels, over the grassy mud,  
Lumbering to work over the greasy sods. . . .  
Those men there, with the appearances of clods  
Were the bravest men that a usually listless priest  
of God  
Ever shrived. . . .  
And it is not for us to make them an anthem.  
If we found words there would come no wind  
    that would fan them  
To a tune that the trumpets might blow it,  
Shrill through the heaven that's ours or yet  
    Allah's  
Or the wide halls of any Valhallas.  
We can make no such anthem. So that all that  
    is ours

## ANTWERP

For inditing in sonnets, pantoums, elegiacs, or lays  
Is this :  
“ In the name of God, how could they do it ? ”

### II

For there is no new thing under the sun,  
Only this uncomely man with a smoking gun  
In the gloom. . . .  
What the devil will he gain by it ?  
Digging a hole in the mud and standing all day  
in the rain by it  
Waiting his doom,  
The sharp blow, the swift outpouring of the blood,  
Till the trench of grey mud  
Is turned to a brown purple drain by it.  
Well, there have been scars  
Won in many wars . . .  
Punic,

## ANTWERP

Lacedæmonian, wars of Napoleon, wars for faith,  
wars for honour, for love, for possession,  
But this Belgian man in his ugly tunic,  
His ugly round cap, shooting on, in a sort of  
obsession,  
Overspreading his miserable land,  
Standing with his wet gun in his hand . . .  
Doom !  
He finds that in a sudden scrimmage,  
And lies, an unsightly lump on the sodden grass . . .  
An image that shall take long to pass !

### III

For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by  
upon their horses  
Forever through our brains.  
The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions ;  
And battalions and battalions and battalions—

## ANTWERP

The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of  
Minden and of Waterloo,  
Pass, for ever staunch,  
Stand for ever true ;  
And the small man with the large paunch,  
And the grey coat, and the large hat, and the  
hands behind the back,  
Watches them pass  
In our minds for ever . . .  
But that clutter of sodden corses  
On the sodden Belgian grass—  
That is a strange new beauty.

## IV

With no especial legends of marchings or triumphs  
or duty,  
Assuredly that is the way of it,  
The way of beauty . . .

## ANTWERP

And that is the highest word you can find to say  
of it.

For you cannot praise it with words  
Compounded of lyres and swords,  
But the thought of the gloom and the rain  
And the ugly coated figure, standing beside a drain,  
Shall eat itself into your brain.

And that shall be an honourable word ;  
“ Belgian ” shall be an honourable word,  
As honourable as the fame of the sword,  
As honourable as the mention of the many-  
chorded lyre,  
And his old coat shall seem as beautiful as the  
fabrics woven in Tyre.

## v

And what in the world did they bear it for ?  
I don’t know.

## ANTWERP

And what in the world did they dare it for ?  
Perhaps that is not for the likes of me to understand.  
They could very well have watched a hundred legions go  
Over their fields and between their cities  
Down into more southerly regions.  
They could very well have let the legions pass  
through their woods,  
And have kept their lives and their wives and  
their children and cattle and goods.  
I don't understand.  
Was it just love of their land ?  
Oh poor dears !  
Can any man so love his land ?  
Give them a thousand thousand pities  
And rivers and rivers of tears  
To wash off the blood from the cities of Flanders.

## ANTWERP

### VI

This is Charing Cross ;

It is midnight ;

There is a great crowd

And no light.

A great crowd, all black that hardly whispers  
aloud.

Surely, that is a dead woman—a dead mother !

She has a dead face ;

She is dressed all in black ;

She wanders to the bookstall and back,

At the back of the crowd ;

And back again and again back,

She sways and wanders.

This is Charing Cross ;

It is one o'clock.

## ANTWERP

There is still a great cloud, and very little light ;  
Immense shafts of shadows over the black crowd  
That hardly whispers aloud. . . .

And now ! . . . That is another dead mother,  
And there is another and another and another . . .  
And little children, all in black,  
All with dead faces, waiting in all the waiting-  
places,

Wandering from the doors of the waiting-room  
In the dim gloom.

These are the women of Flanders.  
They await the lost.  
They await the lost that shall never leave the  
dock ;

They await the lost that shall never again come  
by the train  
To the embraces of all these women with dead  
faces ;

## ANTWERP

They await the lost who lie dead in trench and  
barrier and foss,  
In the dark of the night.  
This is Charing Cross ; it is past one of the clock ;  
There is very little light.

There is so much pain.

### L'Envoi.

And it was for this that they endured this gloom ;  
This October like November,  
That August like a hundred thousand hours,  
And that September,  
A hundred thousand dragging sunlit days,  
And half October like a thousand years. . . .  
Oh poor dears !

## II

### “WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN BUILDING . . .”

THANK Goodness, the moving is over,  
They've swept up the straw in the passage  
And life will begin. . . .  
This tiny, white, tiled cottage by the bridge ! . . .  
When we've had tea I will punt you  
To Paradise for the sugar and onions. . . .  
We will drift home in the twilight,  
The trout will be rising. . . .

### III

#### “WHEN THE WORLD CRUMBLED”

ONCE there were purple seas—

Wide, wide. . . .

And myrtle-groves and cyclamen,

Above the cliff and the stone pines

Where a god watched. . . .

And thou, oh Lesbian . . .

Well, *that's* all done !

## IV

### WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

#### *A Winter Landscape*

##### I

THE seven white peacocks against the castle wall  
In the high trees and the dusk are like tapestry,  
The sky being orange, the high wall a purple  
barrier

The canal, dead silver in the dusk  
And you are far away.

Yet I can see infinite miles of mountains.  
Little lights shining in rows in the dark of them ;  
Infinite miles of marshes.  
Thin wisps of mist, shimmering like blue webs

## WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Over the dusk of them, great curves and horns  
of sea  
And dusk and dusk and the little village  
And you, sitting in the firelight.

### II

Around me are the two hundred and forty men  
of B Company  
Mud-coloured.  
Going about their avocations,  
Resting between their practice of the art  
Of killing men,  
As I too rest between my practice  
Of the Art of killing men.  
Their pipes glow above the mud and their  
mud colour, moving like fireflies beneath  
the trees,  
I too being mud-coloured

## WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Beneath the trees and the peacocks.  
When they come up to me in the dusk  
They start, stiffen and salute, almost invisibly.  
And the forty-two prisoners from the Battalion  
guardroom  
Crouch over the tea cans in the shadow of the  
wall.  
And the bread hunks glimmer, beneath the  
peacocks,  
And you are far away.

### III

Presently I shall go in,  
I shall write down the names of the forty-two  
Prisoners in the Battalion guardroom  
On fair white foolscap.  
Their names, rank, and regimental numbers,  
Corps, Companies, Punishments and Offences,

## WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Remarks, and By whom Confined.

Yet in spite of all I shall see only  
The infinite miles of dark mountain,  
The infinite miles of dark marshland,  
Great curves and horns of sea  
The little village.  
And you,  
Sitting in the firelight.

*Cardiff Castle, 12/12/15*

V

## THE SILVER MUSIC

IN Chepstow stands a castle ;  
My love and I went there ;  
The foxgloves on the wall all heard  
Her footsteps on the stair.

The sun was high in heaven,  
And the perfume on the air  
Came from purple cat's valerian . . .  
But her footsteps on the stair  
Made a sound like silver music  
Thro' the perfume in the air.

Oh I'm weary for the castle,  
And I'm weary for the Wye,

## THE SILVER MUSIC

And the flowered walls are purple  
And the purple walls are high.  
And above the cat's valerian  
The foxgloves brush the sky.  
But I must plod along the road  
That leads to Germany.

And another soldier fellow  
Shall come courting of my dear  
And it's I shall not be with her  
With my lips beside her ear.  
For it's he shall walk beside her  
In the perfume of the air  
To the silver silver music  
Of her footstep on the stair.

*Cardiff Castle, 3/7/16*

## VI

### THE IRON MUSIC

THE French guns roll continuously  
And our guns, heavy, slow ;  
Along the Ancre, sinuously,  
The transport wagons go,  
And the dust is on the thistles  
And the larks sing up on high . . .  
*But I see the Golden Valley  
Down by Tintern on the Wye.*

For it's just nine weeks last Sunday  
Since we took the Chepstow train,  
And I'm wondering if one day  
We shall do the like again ;

## THE IRON MUSIC

For the four-point-two's come screaming  
Thro' the sausages on high ;  
*So there's little use in dreaming  
How we walked above the Wye.*

Dust and corpses in the thistles  
Where the gas-shells burst like snow,  
And the shrapnel screams and whistles  
On the Bécourt road below,  
And the High Wood bursts and bristles  
Where the mine-clouds foul the sky . . .  
*But I'm with you up at Wyndcroft,  
Over Tintern on the Wye.*

*Albert, 22/7/16*

## VII

### A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE . . .

Oh quiet peoples sleeping bed by bed  
Beneath grey roof-trees in the glimmering West,  
We who can see the silver grey and red  
Rise over No Man's Land—salute your rest.

Oh quiet comrades, sleeping in the clay  
Beneath a turmoil you need no more mark,  
We who have lived through yet another day  
Salute your graves at setting in of dark.

And rising from your beds or from the clay  
You, dead, or far from lines of slain and slayers,  
Thro' your eternal or your finite day  
Give us your prayers !

*Ypres Salient, 6/9/16*

## VIII

### THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

THE old houses of Flanders,  
They watch by the high cathedrals ;  
They overtop the high town-halls ;  
They have eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic,  
for the ways of men  
In the high, white, tiled gables.

The rain and the night have settled down on  
Flanders ;  
It is all wet darkness ; you can see nothing.

Then those old eyes, mournful, tolerant and  
sardonic,

## THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

Look at great, sudden, red lights,  
Look upon the shades of the cathedrals ;  
And the golden rods of the illuminated rain,  
For a second. . . .

And those old eyes,  
Very old eyes that have watched the ways of men  
for generations,  
Close for ever.  
The high, white shoulders of the gables  
Slouch together for a consultation,  
Slant drunkenly over in the lea of the flaming  
cathedrals.

They are no more, the old houses of Flanders.

## IX

### ALBADE

THE little girls are singing, “*Rin! Ron! Rin!*”  
The matin bell is ringing “*Din! Don! Din!*”  
Thirty little girls, while it rains and shrapnel  
skirls  
By the playground where the chapel bells are  
ringing.

The stout old nuns are walking,  
*Dance, little girls, beneath the din!*  
The four-point-ones are talking,  
*Form up, little girls, the school is in!*  
Seven stout old nuns and fourteen naval guns  
All around the playground go on talking.

## ALBADE

And, my darling, you are getting out of bed  
Where the seven angels watched around your  
head,  
With no shrapnel and no Huns  
And no nuns or four-point-ones . . .  
Getting up to catch the train,  
Coming back to tea again  
When the Angelus is sounding to the plain  
And the statue shells are coming from the plain  
And the little girls have trotted home again  
In the rain. . . .

Darling, darling, say one funny prayer again  
For your true love who is waking in the rain.

*The Salient, 7/9/16*

X

CLAIR DE LUNE

I

I SHOULD like to imagine  
A moonlight in which there would be no machine-  
guns !

For, it is possible  
To come out of a trench or a hut or a tent or a  
church all in ruins :

To see the black perspective of long avenues  
All silent.

The white strips of sky  
At the sides, cut by the poplar trunks :

## CLAIR DE LUNE

The white strips of sky  
Above, diminishing—  
The silence and blackness of the avenue  
Enclosed by immensities of space  
Spreading away  
Over No Man's Land. . . .

For a minute . . .  
For ten . . .  
There will be no star shells  
But the untroubled stars,  
There will be no Very light  
But the light of the quiet moon  
Like a swan.  
And silence. . . .

Then, far away to the right thro' the moonbeams  
“*Wukka Wukka*” will go the machine-guns,

## CLAIR DE LUNE

And, far away to the left

*Wukka Wukka.*

And sharply,

*Wuk . . . Wuk. . . .* and then silence

For a space in the clear of the moon.

## II

I should like to imagine

A moonlight in which the machine-guns of trouble

Will be silent. . . .

Do you remember, my dear,

Long ago, on the cliffs, in the moonlight,

Looking over to Flatholme

We sat. . . . Long ago ! . . .

And the things that you told me . . .

Little things in the clear of the moon,

The little, sad things of a life. . . .

## CLAIR DE LUNE

We shall do it again  
Full surely,  
Sitting still, looking over at Flatholme.

Then, far away to the right  
Shall sound the Machine Guns of trouble  
*Wukka-wukka !*  
And, far away to the left, under Flatholme,  
*Wukka-wuk ! . . .*

I wonder, my dear, can you stick it ?  
As we should say : “ Stick it, the Welch ! ”  
In the dark of the moon,  
Going over. . . .

*Nieppe, near Plugstreet, 17/9/16*

## XI

### “ONE DAY’S LIST”

[*Killed.—“Second Lieutenants unless otherwise stated.”*

*Arnott, E. E.—Welch Regt.*

*Jones, E. B. D.—Welch Regt.*

*Morris, J. H.—Welch Regt.*

*And 270 other ranks, Welch Regt.*

*Died of Wounds.*

*Knapp, O. R.—2nd Lieut. Welch Regt.].*

My dears . . .

The rain drips down on Rouen Town

The leaves drip down

## “ONE DAY’S LIST”

And so the mud

Turns orange brown. . . .

A Zeppelin, we read, has been brought down.

And the obscure brown

Populace of London town

Make a shout of it,

Clamouring for blood

And reductions in the price of food . . .

But you—at least—are out of it. . . .

Poor little Arnott—poor little lad . . .

And poor old Knapp,

Of whom once I borrowed a map—and never  
returned it.

And Morris and Jones . . . and all the rest of  
the Welch,

So many gone in the twenty-four hours of a  
day . . .

## “ONE DAY’S LIST”

One wonders how one can stay . . .

One wonders. . . .

For the papers are full of Kelch,

Finding rubbishy news to make a shout of it,

But you at least are out of it.

One wonders how you died . . .

The mine thunders

Still where you stuck by Welch Alley and  
turned it. . . .

The mine thunders

Upwards—and branches of trees, mud, and stone,  
Skulls, limbs, rats, thistles, the clips

Of cartridges, beef tins and wire

Belch

To the heavens in fire

From the lips

Of the craters where doubtless you died,

## “ONE DAY’S LIST”

With the Cheshire and Wiltshires and Welch  
Side by side.

One wonders *why* you died,

Why were we in it? . . .

At home we were late on parades,

Seldom there to the minute,

When “B.” were out on Cathays

We didn’t get much of the lectures into the  
brain. . . .

We talked a good deal about girls.

We could all tell a story

At something past something, Ack Emma!

But why? why? Why were we there from the  
Aisne to Mametz,

Well—there’s a dilemma. . . .

## “ONE DAY’S LIST”

For we never talked of glory,  
We each thought a lot of one girl,  
And waited most days for hours in the rain  
Till she came :  
But we never talked of Fame. . . .

It is very difficult to believe  
You need never again  
Put in for week-end leave,  
Or get vouchers for the 1.10 train  
From Cardiff to London. . . .  
But so much has the Hun done  
In the way of achievements.

And when I think of all the bereavements  
Of your mothers and fathers and sweethearts and  
wives and homes in the West,  
And the paths between the willows waiting for  
your tread,

## “ONE DAY’S LIST”

And the white pillows  
Waiting each for a head,  
Well . . . they may go to rest !

And, God help me, if you meet a Hun  
In Heaven, I bet you will say, “ Well done,  
You fought like mad lions in nets  
Down by Mametz.”

But we who remain shall grow old,  
We shall know the cold  
Of cheerless  
Winter and the rain of Autumn and the sting  
Of poverty, of love despised and of disgraces,  
And mirrors showing stained and ageing faces,  
And the long ranges of comfortless years  
And the long gamut of human fears. . . .  
But, for you, it shall be forever spring,

## “ ONE DAY’S LIST ”

And only you shall be forever fearless,  
And only you have white, straight, tireless limbs,  
And only you, where the water-lily swims  
Shall walk along the pathways, thro’ the willows  
Of your west.

You who went West,  
And only you on silvery twilight pillows  
Shall take your rest  
In the soft sweet glooms  
Of twilight rooms. . . .

*No. 2 Red Cross Hospital,*

*Rouen, 7/1/17*

## XII

### ONE LAST PRAYER

LET me wait, my dear,

One more day,

Let me linger near,

Let me stay.

Do not bar the gate or draw the blind

Or lock the door that yields,

Dear, be kind !

I have only you beneath the skies

To rest my eyes

From the cruel green of the fields

And the cold, white seas

And the weary hills

## ONE LAST PRAYER

And the naked trees.

I have known the hundred ills

Of the hated wars.

Do not close the bars,

Or draw the blind.

I have only you beneath the stars :

Dear, be kind !

17/12/17

## XIII

### REGIMENTAL RECORDS

I

PTE. BARNES

HE said : “ I love her for her sense  
And for her quiet innocence,  
And since she bears without complaint  
An anxious life of toil and care  
As if she were a fireside saint. . . .

“ And so her quiet eyes ensnare  
My eyes all day and fill my sense  
And take  
My thoughts all day away from other things ;  
and keep  
Me, when I should be fast asleep,  
Awake ! ”

## REGIMENTAL RECORDS

### II

#### L.-CPL. SELFE

. . . AND when she went his patience broke  
And his outrageous, restless spirit woke  
To a sort of mutiny against Fate . . .

He'd soak and soak

For nights. And he went courting a bad girl  
Who sponged on him and kept him in a whirl  
And brought  
Him into many questionable homes.

It's that way ruin comes.

So we all thought

He'd go to Hell—or certainly be broke . . .  
But he got off with just an inch to spare—  
The breadth of a hair !

# REGIMENTAL RECORDS

## III

### CPL. BAVLER

*(Corporal in charge of Regimental Gardens)*

He thought : " If she would be my wife,  
And live where I do set and class  
My plants : when I was not on duty,  
We'd lead a pleasant, quiet life,  
For I'd take pleasure in her beauty,  
Strolling amongst the plants in order  
And stopping by the potherb border."

18-21/12/17

XIV  
FOOTSLOGGERS  
*To C. F. G. M.*

I

WHAT is love of one's land? . . .

I don't know very well.

It is something that sleeps  
For a year—for a day—  
For a month—something that keeps  
Very hidden and quiet and still  
And then takes  
The quiet heart like a wave,  
The quiet brain like a spell,  
The quiet will  
Like a tornado; and that shakes  
The whole of the soul.

## FOOTSLOGGERS

### II

It is omnipotent like love ;  
It is deep and quiet as the grave  
And it awakes  
Like a flame, like a madness,  
Like the great passion of your life.  
The cold keenness of a tempered knife,  
The great gladness of a wedding day,  
The austerity of monks who wake to pray  
In the dim light,  
Who pray  
In the darkling grove,  
All these and a great belief in what we deem the  
right  
Creeping upon us like the overwhelming sand,  
Driven by a December gale,  
Make up the love of one's land.

## FOOTSLOGGERS

### III

But I ask you this :

About the middle of my first Last Leave,  
I stood on a kerb in the pitch of the night  
Waiting for buses that didn't come  
To take me home.

That was in Paddington.

The soot-black night was over one like velvet :  
And one was very alone—so very alone  
In the velvet cloak of the night.

Like a lady's skirt,  
A dim, diaphonous cone of white, the rays  
Of a shaded street lamp, close at hand, existed,  
And there was nothing but vileness it could show,  
Vile, pallid faces drifted through, chalk white ;  
Vile alcoholic voices in the ear, vile fumes  
From the filthy pavements . . . vileness !

## FOOTSLOGGERS

And one thought :

“ In three days’ time we enter the unknown :  
And this is what we die for ! ”

For, mind you,

It isn’t just a Tube ride, going to France !  
It sets ironic unaccustomed minds  
At work even in the sentimental . . .

Still

All that is in the contract.

## IV

Who of us

But has, deep down in the heart and deep in the  
brain

The memory of odd moments : memories  
Of huge assemblies chanting in the night  
At palace gates : of drafts going off in the rain

## FOOTSLOGGERS

To shaken music : or the silken flutter  
Of silent, ceremonial parades,  
In the sunlight, when you stand so stiff to  
attention,  
That you never see but only know they are there—  
The regimental colours—silken, a-flutter  
Azure and gold and vermillion against the sky :  
The sacred finery of banded hearts  
Of generations. . . .

And memories

When just for moments, landscapes out in France  
Looked so like English downlands that the heart  
Checked and stood still. . . .

Or then, the song and dance

Of Battalion concerts, in the shafts of light  
From smoky lamps : the lines of queer, warped  
faces  
Of men that now are dead : faces lit up

## FOOTSLOGGERS

By inarticulate minds at sugary chords  
From the vamping pianist beneath the bunting :  
“ Until the boys come home ! ” we sing. And  
fumes

Of wet humanity, soaked uniforms,  
Wet flooring, smoking lamps, fill cubical  
And wooden-walled spaces, brown, all brown,  
With the light-sucking hue of the khaki. . . .

And the rain

Frets on the pitchpine of the felted roof  
Like women’s fingers beating on a door  
Calling “ Come Home ” . . . “ Come Home ”  
Down the long trail beneath the silent moon . . .  
Who never shall come. . . .

And we stand up to sing

“ *Hen wlad fy nadhau.* . . . ”

Dearest, never one

Of your caresses, dearest in the world,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

Shall interpenetrate the flesh of one's flesh,  
The breath of the lungs, sight of the eyes, or the  
heart,  
Like that sad, harsh anthem in the rained-on huts  
Of our own men . . .  
That too is in the contract. . . .

v

Well, of course  
One loves one's men. One takes a mort of trouble  
To get them spick and span upon parades :  
You straf them, slang them, mediate between  
Their wives and loves, and you inspect their  
toe-nails  
And wangle leaves for them from the Adjutant  
Until your Company office is your home  
And all your mind. . . .

This is the way it goes :

First your Platoon and then your Company,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

Then the Battalion, then Brigade, Division,  
And the whole B.E.F. in France . . . and then  
Our Land, with its burden of civilians,  
Who take it out of us as little dogs  
Worry Newfoundlands. . . .

So, in the Flanders mud,  
We bear the State upon our rain-soaked backs,  
Breathe life into the State from our rattling lungs,  
Anoint the State with the rivulets of sweat  
From our tin helmets.

And so, in years to come  
The State shall take the semblance of Britannia,  
Up-borne, deep-bosomed, with anointed limbs . . .  
Like the back of a penny.

## VI

For I do not think  
We ever took much stock in that Britannia

## FOOTSLOGGERS

On the long French roads, or even on parades,  
Or thought overmuch of Nelson or of Minden,  
Or even the old traditions. . . .

I don't know,

In the breathless rush that it is of parades and  
drills,  
Of digging at the double and strafes and  
fatigues,

These figures grow dimmed and lost :

Doubtless we too, we too, when the years have  
receded

Shall look like the heroes of Hellas, upon a  
frieze,

White-limbed and buoyant and passing the flame  
of the torches

From hand to hand. . . . But to-day it's mud  
to the knees

And khaki and khaki and khaki. . . .

## FOOTSLOGGERS

And the love of one's land  
Very quiet and hidden and still. . . . And again  
I don't know, though I've pondered the matter  
for years  
Since the war began. . . . But I never had much  
brain. . . .

## VII

I don't know if you know the 1.10 train

From Cardiff :

Well, fourteen of us together  
Went up from Cardiff in the summer weather  
At the time of the July push.  
It's a very good train ;  
It runs with hardly a jar and never a stop  
After Newport, until you get down  
In London Town.

## FOOTSLOGGERS

It goes with a solemn, smooth rush  
Across the counties and over the shires,  
Right over England past farmsteads and byres ;  
It bubbles with conversation,  
Being the West going to the East :  
The pick of the rich of the West in a bunch,  
Half of the wealth of the Nation,  
With heads together, buzzing of local topics,  
Of bankrupts and strikes, divorces and marriages ;  
And, after Newport, you get your lunch,  
In the long, light, gently swaying carriages  
As the miles flash by,  
And fields and flowers  
Flash by  
Under the high sky  
Where the great cloud towers  
Above the tranquil downs  
And the tranquil towns.

## FOOTSLOGGERS

### VIII

And the corks pop  
And the wines of France  
Bring in radiance ;  
And spice from the tropics  
Flavours fowl from the Steppes  
And meat from the States,  
And the talk buzzes on like bees round the skeps,  
And the potentates  
Of the mines and the docks  
Drink delicate hocks . . .  
Ah, proud and generous civilisation. . . .

### IX

For me, going out to France  
Is like the exhaustion of dawn  
After a dance. . . .

## FOOTSLOGGERS

You have rushed around to get your money,  
To get your revolver, complete your equipment ;  
You have had your moments, sweeter—ah, sweeter  
than honey ;

You have got your valise all ready for shipment :  
You have gone to confession and wangled your  
blessing,

You have bought your air-pillow and sewn in  
your coat . . .

A pocket to hold your first field-dressing,  
And you've paid the leech who bled you, the  
vampire . . .

And you've been to the Theatre and the Empire,  
And you've bidden good-bye to the band and the  
goat . . .

And, like a ship that floats free of her berth,  
There's nothing that holds you now to the  
earth,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

And you're near enough to a yawn. . . .

"Good luck" and "Good-bye" it has been,  
and "So long, old chap"

"Cheerio : you'll be back in a month"—"You'll  
have driven the Huns off the map."

And one little pressure of the hand

From the thing you love next to the love of the  
land,

Since you leave her, out of love of your land. . . .

But that little, long, gentle and eloquent pressure  
Shall go with you under the whine of the  
shells,

Into the mire and the stress,

Into the seven hundred hells,

Until you come down on your stretcher  
To the C.C.S. . . .

And back to Blighty again—

Or until you go under the sod.

## FOOTSLOGGERS

x

But, in the 1.10 train,  
Running between the green and the grain,  
Something like the peace of God  
Descended over the hum and the drone  
Of the wheels and the wine and the buzz of the  
talk,  
And one thought :  
“ In two days’ time we enter the Unknown,  
And this is what we die for ! ”  
And thro’ the square  
Of glass  
At my elbow, as limpid as air,  
I watched our England pass . . .  
The great downs moving slowly,  
Far away,  
The farmsteads quiet and lowly,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

Passing away ;  
The fields newly mown  
With the swathes of hay,  
And the wheat just beginning to brown,  
Whirling away. . . .

And I thought :

“ In two days’ time we enter the Unknown,  
But *this* is what we die for. . . . As we ought. . . .”

For it is for the sake of the wolds and the wealds  
That we die,

And for the sake of the quiet fields,  
And the path through the stackyard gate . . .

That these may be inviolate,  
And know no tread save those of the herds and  
the hinds,

And that the south-west winds  
Blow on no forehead save of those that toil  
On our suave and hallowed soil,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

And that deep peace may rest

Upon that quiet breast. . . .

It is because our land is beautiful and green and  
comely,

Because our farms are quiet and thatched and  
homely,

Because the trout stream dimples by the willow,

Because the water-lilies float upon the ponds,

And on Eston Hill the delicate, waving fronds  
Of the bracken put forth, where the white clouds  
are flying,

That we shall endure the swift, sharp torture of  
dying,

Or the humiliation of not dying,

Where the gas cloud wanders

Over the fields of Flanders,

Or the sun squanders

His radiance

## FOOTSLOGGERS

And the midges dance  
Their day-long life away  
Over the green and the grey  
Of the fields of France. . . .  
  
And maybe we shall never again  
Plod thro' our mire and the rain  
Of the winter gloaming,  
And maybe we shall never again  
See the long, white, foaming  
Breakers pour up our strand. . . .  
  
But we have been borne across this land,  
And we have felt this spell. . . .  
  
And, for the rest.

### L'ENVOI

What is love of one's land ?

Ah, we know very well  
It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,

## FOOTSLOGGERS

For a month, something that keeps  
Very hidden and quiet and still,  
And then takes  
The quiet heart like a wave,  
The quiet brain like a spell,  
The quiet will  
Like a tornado, and that shakes  
The whole being and soul . . .  
Aye, the whole of the soul.

24/12/17-1/1/18

XV

THAT EXPLOIT OF YOURS

I MEET two soldiers sometimes here in Hell  
The one, with a tear in the seat of his red panta-  
loons

Was stuck by a pitchfork,  
Climbing a wall to steal apples.

The second has a seeming silver helmet,  
Having died from the fall of his horse on some  
tram-lines

In Dortmund.

These two  
Meeting in the vaulted and vaporous caverns of  
Hell  
Exclaim always in identical tones :

## THAT EXPLOIT OF YOURS

“ I at least have done my duty to Society and the  
Fatherland ! ”

It is strange how the cliché prevails . . .

For I will bet my hat that you who sent me here  
to Hell

Are saying the selfsame words at this very moment  
Concerning that exploit of yours.

## XVI

### ON HEAVEN

*To V. H., who asked for a working Heaven*

#### I

THAT day the sunlight lay on the farms ;  
On the morrow the bitter frost that there was !  
That night my young love lay in my arms,  
The morrow how bitter it was !

And because she is very tall and quaint  
And golden, like a *quattrocento* saint,  
I desire to write about Heaven ;  
To tell you the shape and the ways of it,  
And the joys and the toil in the maze of it,  
For these there must be in Heaven,  
Even in Heaven !

## ON HEAVEN

For God is a good man, God is a kind man,  
And God's a good brother, and God is no blind  
man,  
And God is our father.

I will tell you how this thing began :  
How I waited in a little town near Lyons many  
years,  
And yet knew nothing of passing time, or of her  
tears,  
But, for nine slow years, lounged away at my table  
in the shadowy sunlit square  
Where the small cafés are.

The *Place* is small and shaded by great planes,  
Over a rather human monument  
Set up to *Louis Dixhuit* in the year  
Eighteen fourteen ; a funny thing with dolphins  
80

## ON HEAVEN

About a pyramid of green-dripped, sordid stone.  
But the enormous, monumental planes  
Shade it all in, and in the flecks of sun  
Sit market women. There's a paper shop  
Painted all blue, a shipping agency,  
Three or four cafés ; dank, dark colonnades  
Of an eighteen-forty *Mairie*. I'd no wish  
To wait for her where it was picturesque,  
Or ancient or historic, or to love  
Over well any place in the land before she came  
And loved it too. I didn't even go  
To Lyons for the opera ; Arles for the bulls,  
Or Avignon for glimpses of the Rhone.  
Not even to Beaucaire ! I sat about  
And played long games of dominoes with the  
*mairie*,  
Or passing *commis-voyageurs*. And so  
I sat and watched the trams come in, and read

## ON HEAVEN

The *Libre Parole* and sipped the thin, fresh wine  
They call Piquette, and got to know the people,  
The kindly, southern people. . . .

Until, when the years were over, she came in her  
swift red car,  
Shooting out past a tram ; and she slowed and  
stopped and lighted absently down,  
A little dazed, in the heart of the town ;  
And nodded imperceptibly.  
With a sideways look at me.

So our days here began.

And the wrinkled old woman who keeps the café,  
And the man  
Who sells the *Libre Parole*,  
And the sleepy gendarme,

## ON HEAVEN

And the fat *facteur* who delivers letters only in  
the shady,  
Pleasanter kind of streets ;  
And the boy I often gave a penny,  
And the *maire* himself, and the little girl who  
loves toffee  
And me because I have given her many sweets ;  
And the one-eyed, droll  
Bookseller of the *rue Grand de Provence*,—  
Chancing to be going home to bed,  
Smiled with their kindly, fresh benevolence,  
Because they knew I had waited for a lady  
Who should come in a swift, red, English car,  
To the square where the little cafés are.  
And the old, old woman touched me on the wrist  
With a wrinkled finger,  
And said : “ Why do you linger ?—  
Too many kisses can never be kissed !

## ON HEAVEN

And comfort her—nobody here will think harm—  
Take her instantly to your arm !  
It is a little strange, you know, to your dear,  
To be dead ! ”

But one is English,  
Though one be never so much of a ghost ;  
And if most of your life have been spent in the  
craze to relinquish  
What you want most,  
You will go on relinquishing,  
You will go on vanquishing  
Human longings, even  
In Heaven.

God ! You will have forgotten what the rest of  
the world is on fire for—  
The madness of desire for the long and quiet  
embrace,

## ON HEAVEN

The coming nearer of a tear-wet face ;  
Forgotten the desire to slake  
The thirst, and the long, slow ache,  
And to interlace  
Lash with lash, lip with lip, limb with limb, and  
the fingers of the hand with the hand  
And . . .

You will have forgotten . . .

But they will all awake ;

Aye, all of them shall awaken  
In this dear place.  
And all that then we took  
Of all that we might have taken,  
Was that one embracing look,  
Coursing over features, over limbs, between eyes,  
    a making sure, and a long sigh,  
Having the tranquillity

## ON HEAVEN

Of trees unshaken,  
And the softness of sweet tears,  
And the clearness of a clear brook  
To wash away past years.  
(For that too is the quality of Heaven,  
That you are conscious always of great pain  
Only when it is over  
And shall not come again.  
Thank God, thank God, it shall not come again,  
Though your eyes be never so wet with the tears  
Of many years !)

## II

And so she stood a moment by the door  
Of the long, red car. Royally she stepped down,  
Settling on one long foot and leaning back  
Amongst her russet furs. And she looked  
round . . .

## ON HEAVEN

Of course it must be strange to come from  
England

Straight into Heaven. You must take it in,  
Slowly, for a long instant, with some fear . . .

Now that *affiche*, in orange, on the kiosque :

*“Seven Spanish bulls will fight on Sunday next  
At Arles, in the arena” . . .* Well, it's strange  
Till you get used to our ways. And, on the  
*Mairie*,

The untidy poster telling of the *concours*  
*De vers de soie*, of silkworms. The cocoons  
Pile, yellow, all across the little Places  
Of ninety townships in the environs  
Of Lyons, the city famous for her silks.

What if she's pale? It must be more than  
strange,

After these years, to come out here from  
England

## ON HEAVEN

To a strange place, to the stretched-out arms of  
me,

A man never fully known, only divined,  
Loved, guessed at, pledged to, in your Sussex mud,  
Amongst the frost-bound farms by the yeasty sea.  
Oh, the long look ; the long, long searching look !  
And how my heart beat !

Well, you see, in England  
She had a husband. And four families—  
His, hers, mine, and another woman's too—  
Would have gone crazy. And, with all the rest,  
Eight parents, and the children, seven aunts  
And sixteen uncles and a grandmother.  
There were, besides, our names, a few real friends,  
And the decencies of life. A monstrous heap !  
They made a monstrous heap. I've lain awake  
Whole aching nights to tot the figures up !  
Heap after heaps, of complications, griefs,

## ON HEAVEN

Worries, tongue-clackings, nonsenses and shame  
For not making good. You see the coil there was !  
And the poor strained fibres of our tortured  
    brains,  
And the voice that called from depth in her to  
    depth  
In me . . . my God, in the dreadful nights,  
Through the roar of the great black winds, through  
    the sound of the sea !  
Oh agony ! Agony ! From out my breast  
It called whilst the dark house slept, and stair-  
    heads creaked ;  
From within my breast it screamed and made no  
    sound ;  
And wailed. . . . And made no sound.  
And howled like the damned. . . . No sound !  
    No sound !  
Only the roar of the wind, the sound of the sea,

## ON HEAVEN

The tick of the clock. . . .

And our two voices, noiseless through the dark.

O God ! O God !

(That night my young love lay in my arms. . . .

There was a bitter frost lay on the farms

In England, by the shiver

And the crawling of the tide ;

By the broken silver of the English Channel,

Beneath the aged moon that watched alone—

Poor, dreary, lonely old moon to have to watch  
alone,

Over the dreary beaches mantled with ancient  
foam

Like shrunken flannel ;

The moon, an intent, pale face, looking down  
Over the English Channel.

## ON HEAVEN

But soft and warm She lay in the crook of my arm,  
And came to no harm since we had come quietly  
home

Even to Heaven ;

Which is situate in a little old town  
Not very far from the side of the Rhone,  
That mighty river  
That is, just there by the Crau, in the lower  
reaches,

Far wider than the Channel.)

But, in the market place of the other little town,  
Where the Rhone is a narrower, greener affair,  
When she had looked at me, she beckoned with  
her long white hand,  
A little languidly, since it is a strain, if a blessed  
strain, to have just died.  
And, going back again,

## ON HEAVEN

Into the long, red, English racing car,  
Made room for me amongst the furs at her side.  
And we moved away from the kind looks of the  
kindly people  
Into the wine of the hurrying air.  
And very soon even the tall grey steeple  
Of Lyons cathedral behind us grew little and  
far  
And then was no more there. . . .  
And, thank God, we had nothing any more to  
think of,  
And thank God, we had nothing any more to  
talk of ;  
Unless, as it chanced, the flashing silver stalk of  
the pampas  
Growing down to the brink of the Rhone,  
On the lawn of a little chateau, giving onto the  
river.

## ON HEAVEN

And we were alone, alone, alone. . . .

At last alone. . . .

The poplars on the hill-crests go marching rank  
on rank,

And far away to the left, like a pyramid, marches  
the ghost of Mont Blanc.

There are vines and vines and vines, all down to  
the river bank.

There will be a castle here,

And an abbey there ;

And huge quarries and a long white farm,

With long thatched barns and a long wine shed,

As we ran alone, all down the Rhone.

And that day there was no puncturing of the tyres  
to fear ;

And no trouble at all with the engine and gear ;

## ON HEAVEN

Smoothly and softly we ran between the great  
poplar alley

All down the valley of the Rhone.

For the dear, good God knew how we needed rest  
and to be alone.

But, on other days, just as you must have perfect  
shadows to make perfect Rembrandts,

He shall afflict us with little lets and hindrances  
of His own

Devising—just to let us be glad that we are  
dead . . .

Just for remembrance.

## III

Hard by the castle of God in the Alpilles,

In the eternal stone of the Alpilles,

There's this little old town, walled round by the  
old, grey gardens. . . .

## ON HEAVEN

There were never such olives as grow in the  
gardens of God,

The green-grey trees, the wardens of agony  
And failure of gods.

Of hatred and faith, of truth, of treachery  
They whisper ; they whisper that none of the  
living prevail ;

They whirl in the great mistral over the white,  
dry sods,

Like hair blown back from white foreheads in the  
enormous gale

Up to the castle walls of God. . . .

But, in the town that's our home,

Once you are past the wall,

Amongst the trunks of the planes,

Though they roar never so mightily overhead in  
the day,

## ON HEAVEN

All this tumult is quieted down, and all  
The windows stand open because of the heat of  
the night  
That shall come.  
And, from each little window, shines in the  
twilight a light,  
And, beneath the eternal planes  
With the huge, gnarled trunks that were aged  
and grey  
At the creation of Time,  
The Chinese lanthorns, hung out at the doors of  
hotels,  
Shimmering in the dusk, here on an orange tree,  
there on a sweet-scented lime,  
There on a golden inscription : “ Hotel of the  
Three Holy Bells.”  
Or “ Hotel Sublime,” or “ Inn of the Real Good  
Will.”

## ON HEAVEN

And, yes, it is very warm and still,  
And all the world is afoot after the heat of the day,  
In the cool of the even in Heaven. . . .  
And it is here that I have brought my dear to pay  
her all that I owed her,  
Amidst this crowd, with the soft voices, the soft  
footfalls, the rejoicing laughter.  
And after the twilight there falls such a warm,  
soft darkness,  
And there will come stealing under the planes a  
drowsy odour,  
Compounded all of cyclamen, of oranges, or  
rosemary and bay,  
To take the remembrance of the toil of the day away.

So we sat at a little table, under an immense plane,  
And we remembered again  
The blisters and foments

## ON HEAVEN

And terrible harassments of the tired brain,  
The cold and the frost and the pain,  
As if we were looking at a picture and saying :  
    “ This is true !  
Why this is a truly painted  
Rendering of that street where—you remember ?  
    —I fainted.”  
And we remembered again  
Tranquilly, our poor few tranquil moments,  
The falling of the sunlight through the panes,  
The flutter forever in the chimney of the quiet flame,  
The mutter of our two poor tortured voices,  
    always a-whisper  
And the endless nights when I would cry out,  
    running through all the gamut of misery,  
    even to a lisp, her name ;  
And we remembered our kisses, nine, maybe, or  
eleven—

## ON HEAVEN

If you count two that I gave and she did not give  
again.

And always the crowd drifted by in the cool of  
the even,

And we saw the faces of friends,

And the faces of those to whom one day we must  
make amends,

Smiling in welcome.

And I said : “ On another day—

And such a day may well come soon—

We will play dominoes with Dick and Evelyn and  
Frances

For a whole afternoon.

And, in the time to come, Genée

Shall dance for us, fluttering over the ground as  
the sunlight dances.”

And *Arlésiennes* with the beautiful faces went by us,

## ON HEAVEN

And gypsies and Spanish shepherds, noiseless in  
sandals of straw, sauntered nigh us,

Wearing slouch hats and old sheep-skins, and  
casting admiring glances

From dark, foreign eyes at my dear. . . .

(And ah, it is Heaven alone, to have her alone and  
so near !)

So all this world rejoices

In the cool of the even

In Heaven. . . .

And, when the cool of the even was fully  
there,

Came a great ha-ha of voices.

Many children run together, and all laugh and  
rejoice and call,

Hurrying with little arms flying, and little feet  
flying, and little hurrying haunches,

From the door of a stable,

## ON HEAVEN

Where, in an *olla podrida*, they had been playing  
at the *corrida*  
With the black Spanish bull, whose nature  
Is patience with children. And so, through the  
gaps of the branches  
Of jasmine on our screen beneath the planes,  
We saw, coming down from the road that leads  
to the olives and Alpilles,  
A man of great stature,  
In a great cloak,  
With a great stride,  
And a little joke  
For all and sundry, coming down with a hound  
at his side.  
And he stood at the cross-roads, passing the time  
of day  
In a great, kind voice, the voice of a man-and-a-  
half!—

## ON HEAVEN

With a great laugh, and a great clap on the back,  
For a fellow in black—a priest I should say,  
Or may be a lover,  
Wearing black for his mistress's mood.

“A little toothache,” we could hear him say ;  
“but that's so good

When it gives over.” So he passed from sight  
In the soft twilight, into the soft night,  
In the soft riot and tumult of the crowd.

And a magpie flew down, laughing, holding up  
his beak to us.

And I said : “That was God ! Presently, when  
he has walked through the town

And the night has settled down,  
So that you may not be afraid,  
In the darkness, he will come to our table and  
speak to us.”

## ON HEAVEN

And past us many saints went walking in a  
company—

The kindly, thoughtful saints, devising and  
laughing and talking,

And smiling at us with their pleasant solicitude.

And because the thick of the crowd followed to  
the one side God,

Or to the other the saints, we sat in solitude.

In the distance the saints went singing all in  
chorus,

And our Lord went by on the other side of the  
street,

Holding a little boy.

Taking him to pick the musk-roses that open at  
dusk,

For wreathing the statue of Jove,

Left on the Alpilles above

By the Romans ; since Jove,

## ON HEAVEN

Even Jove,  
Must not want for his quota of honour and love ;  
But round about him there must be,  
With all its tender jollity,  
The laughter of children in Heaven,  
Making merry with roses in Heaven.

Yet never he looked at us, knowing that that  
would be such joy  
As must be over-great for hearts that needed  
quiet ;  
Such a riot and tumult of joy as quiet hearts are  
not able  
To taste to the full. . . .

. . . And my dear one sat in the shadows ; very  
softly she wept :—  
Such joy is in Heaven,

## ON HEAVEN

In the cool of the even,  
After the burden and toil of the days,  
After the heat and haze  
In the vine-hills ; or in the shady  
Whispering groves in high passes up in the  
Alpilles,  
Guarding the castle of God.

And I went on talking towards her unseen face :  
“ So it is, so it goes, in this beloved place,  
There shall be never a grief but passes ; no, not  
any ;  
There shall be such bright light and no blindness ;  
There shall be so little awe and so much loving-  
kindness ;  
There shall be a little longing and enough care,  
There shall be a little labour and enough of toil  
To bring back the lost flavour of our human coil ;

## ON HEAVEN

Not enough to taint it ;  
And all that we desire shall prove as fair as we  
can paint it.”  
For, though that may be the very hardest trick  
of all  
God set himself, who fashioned this goodly hall.  
Thus he has made Heaven ;  
Even Heaven.

For God is a very clever mechanician ;  
And if he made this proud and goodly ship of the  
world,  
From the maintop to the hull,  
Do you think he could not finish it to the full,  
With a flag and all,  
And make it sail, tall and brave,  
On the waters, beyond the grave ?  
It should cost but very little rhetoric

## ON HEAVEN

To explain for you that last, fine, conjuring trick ;  
Nor does God need to be a very great magician  
To give to each man after his heart,  
Who knows very well what each man has in his  
heart :  
To let you pass your life in a night-club where  
they dance,  
If that is your idea of heaven ; if you will, in the  
South of France ;  
If you will, on the turbulent sea ; if you will, in  
the peace of the night ;  
Where you will ; how you will ;  
Or in the long death of a kiss, that may never  
pall :  
He would be a very little God if He could not do  
all this,  
And He is still  
The great God of all.

## ON HEAVEN

For God is a good man ; God is a kind man ;  
In the darkness He came walking to our table  
beneath the planes,  
And spoke  
So kindly to my dear,  
With a little joke,  
Giving Himself some pains  
To take away her fear  
Of His stature,  
So as not to abash her,  
In no way at all to dash her new pleasure beneath  
the planes,  
In the cool of the even  
In heaven.

That, that is God's nature.

For God's a good brother, and God is no blind  
man,

## ON HEAVEN

And God's a good mother and loves sons who're  
rovers,

And God is our father and loves all good lovers.

He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner ;  
He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on  
sodden roads ;

Such as bear heavy loads

He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter  
seas and frosty lands,

He takes care that they shall have good at his  
hands ;

Well He takes note of a poor old cook,

Cooking your dinner ;

And much He loves sweet joys in such as ever took  
Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a  
kiss

Given in a shady nook.

And in the golden book

## ON HEAVEN

Where the accounts of His estate are kept,  
All the round, golden sovereigns of bliss,  
Known by poor lovers, married or never yet  
married,  
Whilst the green world waked, or the black world  
quietly slept ;  
All joy, all sweetness, each sweet sigh that's  
sighed—  
Their accounts are kept,  
And carried  
By the love of God to His own credit's side.  
So that is why He came to our table to welcome  
my dear, dear bride,  
In the cool of the even  
In front of a café in Heaven.

## APPENDIX



No.....

Army Form C. 348.

MEMORANDUM.

From O.C. Detachment  
Welch Regt.

To O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.  
Welch Regt.

From O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

To O.C. Detachment

ANSWER.

I

3.7.1916

49522 Pte. Eyes 49642 Pte. Skies  
49772 „ Far 49767 „ Star  
49742 „ Are 50162 „ Jar  
49877 „ Rise 51172 „ Skies  
48123 „ Harsh 47717 „ Goes  
48345 „ Foes 47229 „ Place  
48543 „ Marsh 47076 „ Face

Kindly send AFB's 121 of above.

H. C. James,  
Capt.,  
O.C. Dt., Welch

3.7.1916

Ref: opposite  
AFB's 121 attached herewith.  
Exhibit 1 for necessary disciplinary action, please.  
F. M. Hueffer,  
2/Lt.,  
O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

3

3.7.16

AFB's 252 x passed to you.  
Exhibit 2. Receipt, please.  
H. C. James, Capt.,  
O.C. Dt. Welch.

4

3.7.1916

Received herewith, please.  
F. M. Hueffer,  
2/Lt.,  
O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

**EXHIBIT I**

**SANCTUARY**

SHADOWED by your dear hair, your kind soft eyes  
Look on wine-purple seas, whitening afar  
With marble foam where the dim islands are.  
We sit forgetting. For the great pines rise  
Above dark cypress to the dim white skies  
So clear and dark and still with one great star,  
And marble Dryads round a great white jar  
Gleam from the grove. Glimmering the white  
owl flies

In the dark shades. . . .

If ever life was harsh  
Here we forget—if ever friends turned foes.  
The sea-cliffs beetle down above the marsh,

EXHIBIT 2

ASYLUM

CÆSARIES teneros suavis tibi incumbrat ocellos :  
Nos quoque contenti lætique sedemus, obliiti  
Si quid amari animos turbârit, et æquora soli  
Cernimus atra procul spuma canescere salis,  
Ultima qua franguntur terræ in litora fluetus.  
Candida marmoreæ Dryades prope dolia fulgent,  
Per gracilisque pinus miscetur imagine cœli  
(Omnes exsuperans herbas, abrasque cupressos)  
Unica qua Veneris constanter stella refulget  
Per tenebras radians Stygias. Umbris in opacis  
Noctua sublustris volitat. . . .  
Si quid acerbi inerat vitæ, si fallimur usque  
Quod nimium credimus, nobis nunc omnia cedunt.

## SANCTUARY

And through sea-holly the black panther goes.  
And in the shadow of that secret place,  
Your kind, dear eyes shine in your dear, dear face.

F. M. H.

## ASYLUM

Imminet et scopulas præceps æquoribus atris ;  
Perque herbas niger insepit pantæra marinas,  
Longæ iam subeunt umbræ, sed lumina semper  
Vestra benigna mihi fulgent ex ore benigno.

H. C. J.

## AFTER THE WAR

FROM Cardiff runs a winding road  
With, at its end, a pleasant hearth :  
So short's the way and light the load  
From Cardiff to Penarth.

And she who sits beside the hearth,  
Or greets me on the pleasant leas,  
Shall one day in the applegarth  
Talk of these days as memories.

And as the golden summer slips  
Into the time of harvest moons  
That set behind the spidery ships  
After long afternoons,

## MILES REDIVIVUS

Est focus ingressis gratus, gratique Penates,  
Quo via stipata dicit ab urbe sinens ;  
Est in conspectu, neque longa ex urbe Penarthum—  
Tam brevis extendens, tam sinuosa via.

Illa sed in pratis quæ meve salutat euntem  
Amplexuve sedens implicat ipsa levi,  
Uno forte die optabit, volventibus annis,  
Per vineta errans hos revocare dies.

Amea cum redeunt morituræ tempora lucis  
Inque solet summo luna micare polo,  
Agricolisque prius lucem diffundere lætis  
Quam, quasi perlongo fessa labore dici,

## AFTER THE WAR

We'll hear the churning nightjar play  
About the applegarth,  
And watch the closing in of day  
Beside the glimmering hearth :  
And we'll recall the winding way  
From Cardiff to Penarth.

F. M. H.

## MILES REDIVIVUS

Balnea ad oceani veniet. Tum forte per agros  
Tum captare sonos aure invabit avium.  
Vespere maiores altis in montibus umbras  
In dubia flammæ luce videre licet ;  
At reddetur iter nobis ex urbe Penarthum—  
Tam brevis extendens, tam sinuosa via.

H. C. J.

“ THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY . . .”

THE little angels of Heaven  
Each wear a long white dress,  
And in the tall arcadings  
Play ball and play at chess ;

With never a soil on their garments,  
Not a sigh the whole day long,  
Not a bitter note in their pleasure,  
Not a bitter note in their song.

But they shall know keener pleasure,  
And they shall know joy more rare—  
Keener, keener pleasure  
When you, my dear, come there.

## GAUDEBUNT ANGELI . . .

LONGIS quisque suis ornati vestibus albis  
Cœlicolæ ludunt albis sub turribus arcis,  
Risibus implentes auras, talosque tilasque  
Lascivi voluntantes.

Nunquam pernitidas cernunt nigrescere vestes  
Neve dolorosas suspirant usque per horas :  
Nullæ dum cantant lacrimæ, sed carmina fundunt  
Læta dulcia voce.

Te quoque, delicias solas, maiore Puella  
Lætitia accipient venientem ad templa deorum ;  
Longa dies et erit semper, tam longa voluptas,  
Dum te voce salutant.

## “THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY . . .”

The little angels of Heaven  
Each wear a long white gown,  
And they lean over the ramparts  
Waiting and looking down.

F. M. H.

GAUDEBUNT ANGELI . . .

Longis quisque suis ornati vestibus albis  
Cœlicolæ cubito divisorum in valla redinant :  
Despiciunt et ibi summa de vertice cœli.

Fessi, oculosque fatigant.

H. C. J.

## AD BELLA VOCATUS

Est turris, quo delicias meas  
Olim perveniens videbam :  
Illius in gradibus digitalis  
Purpureus captat vestigia aure  
Ingredientis.  
Cursum sol peragit medium polo  
Purpureique auras flores odore  
Implent :  
In gradibus leviter resonant vestigia  
*ηχεέντα.*

Est desiderium turris mihi ;  
Est desiderium rivi quoque,  
Purpureique alto florent muri :

## AD BELLA VOCATUS

Flores ex superans digitalis omnes  
Amas amplexu tenero supremas  
Tenere videtur.  
Mox et “Germaniam tristis petam”—  
Longum iter—et terras alienas.

. . . . .

Tunc abero : et veniet perfidus miles—  
Miles non nobis mihi—  
Deliciasque meas amplexu falso  
Ille tenebit, et in pratis vagatus  
Dicet amorem,  
Auris dum miscetur odor,  
Dum resonant leviter vestigia Amatæ  
*ἢ χεέντα.*

H. C. J.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a rendering of “The Silver Music,” p. 35.

TO F. M. H. EXIT AD GALLIAM (IDIBUS  
IULIANIS MCMXVI)

LUSISTI satis . . .

Fundite iam lacrimas, saltus, O fundite montes :  
Linquit enim socios mœrentes carus Alexis,  
Horrida bella petens, alienaque litora quærens.  
O Pater omnipotens—tibi enim sunt omnia  
curæ—

Te precor ut fatis fortunæque illius adsis.

. . . . .

At quid fleremus ? Patrios servare Penates  
Bis felix ! Felix tantos superâsse labores  
Gaudens : fortunate puer : sic itur ad astra.

H. C. J.



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